# THE EYE:

BY OBADIAH OPTIC.

——VARIOUS OBJECTS FROM THE SENSE,
VARIOUSLY REPRESENTING. MILTON.

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*Cervius hæc inter vicinus garrit aniles*
*Ex re fabellas.* HOR.

My neighbour tells his old stories just as occasion offers.

THE other evening as I sat in my study ruminating on the nature of virtue and prevalence of vice, my sister *Sarah* entered, brother, said she, here is a paper which I found yesterday, in a bundle of others which were written by my great grandfather; as you have been writing for some time in praise of industry, perhaps you may think it worthy of a place in your '*Eye*.' I anxiously unfolded the paper; the old man's pictures pleased me, I expunged some of the terms which had become obsolete, and now present it to my readers:—

### HISTORY OF INDUSTRY AND ART.

INDUSTRY was born near the close of the golden age, so celebrated by the ancient poets; she was the daughter of Necessity and Desire, who both derived their origin from Jupiter. In her infantile days, nothing appeared in her actions singular from other children, only she seemed indefatigable in her play, and her endeavours to gain whatever was the object of her desire, were persevered in with the most unwearied diligence. This temper of mind she evidently derived from her parents, for, Necessity her father, never knew a medium, and her mother never rested easy till her *longings* were satisfied. As she grew up, by exercise her body was rendered strong, and constant health gave her such a flow of spirits as rendered her a very pleasing companion; but having accustomed herself always to an active life, she had none of those traits in her countenance which have been denominated beautiful; the sun-burnt cheek, strong neck and nervous arm

argued that she possessed a most excellent constitution; the turn of her features also strongly indicated that she had a good heart; yet, altho' men were not so effeminate then, as they at present are, she had *few admirers*. Her parents, when she was very young, had consented that, when of age, she should be espoused to ART the son of INGENUITY, by the beautiful nymph Contemplation. The son inherited from his father a deep penetrating genius, a fine taste, delicate feelings, and exquisite ideas of beauty; he was of a delicate frame of body, which perhaps, in some measure, he derived from his mother, for he was very studious, and much of his labour was sedentary.

When introduced to Industry, he was by no means captivated by her appearance, her masculine air, sun-burnt brow and strong arm, gave disgust to *delicate Art*; he saw goodness of heart, but it was inclosed in a rough exteriour, he beheld a fine constitution, but exercise had so encreased her size, that he appeared before her, in his own eyes, diminutive; he perceived the bloom of health animating a very sensible countenance, but he was not attracted even by this; for, a few days had only elapsed since he had beheld *Indolence* reclining on the banks of a sweetly shaded fountain, her features were exquisitely beautiful, her height about the middle size; Labour had never hurt her delicate frame, the sun never looked on her sweetly dimpling cheek, her finely turned neck was exposed full to his view, and the playful zephyrs had half discovered her enchanting bosom, where loves and graces heaved in unremitted sucession. Art was enraptured, he gazed, and loved; he looked, and lost his *liberty:* Thus he was attracted by a mere exteriour, a fine bauble without intrinsic merit, a brittle thing, which a single blast of adversity would demolish in an instant: He rejected Industry, and made Indolence his wife. From that time to the present, poor Art has been shackled by the infatuating charms of his darling. It is true, that *now* and *then*, mindful of his father Ingenuity and his mother Contemplation, he bursts from her arms, and the world is benefited by the efforts of his genius, but Indolence incessantly following, in a moment of relaxation, encircles him in her snowy arms, and then mankind are left to mourn his infatuation.

Although Industry thus lost her affianced husband, yet she did not despair; occupation was to her an antidote for love, and though she was delighted with the beauty and sensibility of Art; yet she made herself easy on his desertion, when she

found she had been rejected on the account of an idle creature, unacquanted with any science, unused to any exertions, one who only knew how to eat, to sleep, and walk--a living picture.

But not long after this, Industry was seen by *Labour*, the son of *Agriculture* and the mountain nymph *Liberty;* it was on an evening when the storm howled dreadful through the forest, the proudest oaks bent their aged tops, the river heaved up its muddy waves, the rain beat, and every creature shuddered; it was then, he saw her braving the storm, gathering her flocks, tenderly protecting the weak, guiding the feeble, and carrying a little one in her arms: His heart was touched; he saw her tenderness, and he knew she was amiable: He objected not to her sun-burnt cheek, for the sun-beams, had beaten on his countenance unregarded; her arm pleased him, for it was the counter-part of his own, and her healthful cheek and excellent unbroken constitution charmed him, because he wanted an help meet. Finally, they were married—their progeny was numerous, their happiness great:—Liberty has ever been a resident in their family, she smiled on their love, she prospers their union and blesses their exertions. Art also, convinced, but too late, of the blessings he lost, oftimes visits the habitations of the children of Industry and Labour. He aids their exertions by his machinery, and thereby demonstrates that he still follows the steps of his father Ingenuity. OBADIAH OPTIC.

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*ORIGINAL.*

## *A TALE WITHOUT A NAME.*

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*MR. OPTIC,*

*The following story is copied from a manuscript in the possession of a gentleman of this city, if you think it will suit your work, it is at your service.*

*ANACHARSIS.*

IT was towards the close of a fine autumnal day, in the year 17**, that a little boy, wandered (crying) through the woods of ******, without a guide, or a prospect of shelter or a home; his feet were torn by briars, and his strength nearly overcome by fatigue. Mr. BENTON was then taking an evening walk, he led an almost infant daughter by the hand, who pointed out to her father the interesting object of distress on which her eyes had rested; impelled by that natural emotion,

which teaches children to look, in their distresses, to their seniors for defence and assistance, he approached the pedestrians and began, in mournful accents, to relate his sad story; weary, hungry and terrified, they could obtain no information from him but what amounted to this, that an action had taken place in the neighbourhood, in which his parents had probably been slain, and that he had wandered unconsciously, far from all who, by previous acquaintance, were interested in his welfare.

Mr. BENTON was a man whose heart was keenly alive to the calls of sorrow and distress in general, but when they presented themselves in the form of a beautiful and suffering child, whose parents had been snatched from him by the ruffian hand of war, he felt that he had double claims on his humanity; he was a wealthy farmer, and what was far better, a worthy man; and neither the feelings of his heart, nor the decisions of his judgment, prevented him from cheerfully complying with the earnest solicitations of his daughter, to take the little stranger home; therefore, instead of continuing his walk, he retraced his steps to the secluded but friendly mansion which was now to be the habitation of the infantile wanderer: After administering to his necessities, he once more endeavoured to obtain from him some information respecting the circumstances which had thrown him into his care, but in vain; his attempts to the same purpose with the few other inhabitants of the remote district he inhabited, were alike unsuccessful, and he ceased to ask, what he began to think unattainable, and turned his attention toward the discharge of the parental duty which Providence seemed to have assigned him to perform for the lost HENRY: This he faithfully fulfilled; he bestowed upon him all the care his tender years required; he sent him to the same school with his daughter who was an only child, to receive that *part* of education which a country school-master was able to give, and intended to put the finishing hand to the work himself, a task for which he was by nature and his talents, well qualified.

As HENRY grew up, he answered the fondest expectations of his patron, and became the loved companion of his darling daughter; nor was he less attached to his sister CONSTANTIA; the names which distinguished them were lost in the tender appellations of brother and sister, and their feelings corresponded with the terms; when for any trivial fault she was chid by the teacher, HENRY sensibly felt the reproof; when affronted by

any of the scholars, the arm of her brother was sure to be extended to punish the offender; when her task was difficult, he taught her to comprehend it more readily, if the way was miry, he carried her to the firmer ground; he gathered for her the fruit, and formed for her the nosegay, and the one was tasteless, and the other inodorous when presented by another hand; together they wandered about the fields, and indulged in those sports and pleasures of which early age is so productive; no cares disturbed their minds, no anticipations clouded their prospects and dashed the cup of "present bliss" "with future woe;" happy in their mutual father and in each other, neither cared because the other was not a brother or a sister by the ties of blood; they were both, by those of affection; an affection as innocent as their own hearts, and grateful as the morning breeze that kissed the flowery fields over which they wandered and wafted their fragrance to their delighted senses.

Mr. BENTON, though accustomed to support a friendly intercourse with his *neighbours*, who, by the bye, would scarcely be considered as such in the vicinity of a city, was, by his education, the pursuits of his leisure hours, and the unfortunate circumstances of his life, led to associate less with them than they did with each other; yet where there is but little news stirring, that little travels with a speed *somewhat* slower than a comet; consequently, the little story of HENRY was soon as well known at the distance of twenty miles from Benton-farm, as it was there; each one made what observations on it he thought proper; some thought his conduct towards HENRY generous and laudable, others, more generous than wise; those very wise and prudent people, thought he had better have sent him to be maintained at the expense of the county, till he should be reclaimed by his friends, if it should appear that he had any; most of them were surprized that he did not make a domestic of him, rather than adopt him as a son and companion for his daughter; they wisely calculated, that in the former case, the labour of his future days would repay the expenses of his maintenance and education: Mr. BENTON was one of those stubborn persons, who would never suffer the opinions of others to prevail against the deliberate convictions of his own judgment, or the benevolent impulses of his heart; he thought his charge might, at a future day, be as easily reclaim-from him, as from the county; and if he could make his beloved daughter happy at an expense so trifling as the cost of the

maintenance and education of HENRY, that expense would be richly repaid:—There were also some other reasons, not quite so palpable to the less refined feelings of his censurers, which had some weight upon his mind, some satisfaction he thought might be derived from the consciousness of having formed, by his care and attention, so useful a member of society as the present promise of HENRY seemed to justify him in expecting he would prove in future; he knew not but that this deserted youth might be the son of parents of education, of refinement, of sentiment and feeling (for on the account of their death given, he placed little dependence) and when they should find him, he did not wish to present them with a youth, destitute of every thing, but those qualifications for which he was indebted to nature; he wished him to be worthy of any parents—worthy of himself—and, lastly, he would do as he pleased.

MR. BENTON, thus fixed in his determination as to the regulation of his future conduct, only looked forward with delight to that period when maturity should bring forth the good fruit which the blossoms of expectation promised in early youth; at the same time he neglected no exertions which might have a tendency to produce the wished result; the children continued to live a life sweetened by the most lively and innocent affection, which every day grew stronger; that which at first was generated by the almost indiscriminating partiality of infancy, and strengthened by habits of intimacy, was now justified by the earliest descisions of judgment; but though that became discriminating, their simplicity arising from the purity of their hearts remained the same, they saw each other the same as before.

But the time arrived when maturity developed to them the nature of that sentiment which had been generated by their early intimacy and mutual worth—they found it no longer that calm, though warm sensation, which glows in, but does not inflame the bosom that gives it support—that emotion which existed, though they did not continually give each other proofs of its existence by the expression of their sentiments—that which might in general be mistaken for that placid indifference which seems insensible to the force of an impression till it is removed, as we are surrounded by the invisible air without feeling its weight till we are deprived of its salutary effects; it is true, they were still each the other's almost sole companion; they still rambled together among the surround-

ing fields with all the gaiety of youth, and enjoyed every pleasure and amusement with all that zest which distinguishes our early enjoyments, nor did they know (nor we neither) why they should not, yet each perceived a gradual loss of that unembarrassed ease which distinguished the more childish hours of their intercourse; if HENRY praised, as he had done an hundred times, the beauty of his CONSTANTIA, she blushed and knew not why; if he kissed her, she no longer returned it with a warmth of affection equal to his own, but chid him for his freedom, or hung down her head in silent confusion; their conversation was no longer the same, for the same feelings began to influence the conduct of both; he told her not how much he loved her, nor she, how highly she esteemed him, they seemed more guarded in the expression of that delicious sentiment which continued to exist in their bosoms, and influenced every action. *(to be continued)*

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*MR. OPTIC,*

I send the following description of Pompey's Pillar for insertion, it is extracted from *Mease's Nature and Art*, an amusing and instructive work lately published in this city, with a hope that it may gratify your readers. I am your's, AMELIUS.

### DESCRIPTION OF POMPEY'S PILLAR.

IT is composed of red granite. The capital is Corinthian, ornamented with palm leaves, and not indented. The shaft and the upper member of the base are of one piece, ninety feet long, and nine in diameter. The base, which is a square block of marble sixty feet in circumference, rests on two layers of stone, bound together with lead. The whole column is a hundred and fourteen feet high, perfectly well polished, and only a little shivered on the eastern side.

Nothing can equal the majesty of this monument; seen from a distance, it overtops the town and serves as a signal for vessels; and on a nearer approach, it produces an astonishment mingled with awe. One can never be tired with admiring the beauty of the capital, the length of the shaft, and the extraordinary simplicity of the pedestal; although the latter has been rather damaged by the instruments of travellers who were anxious to possess a relic of this antiquity; and one of the volutes of the column was immaturely brought down in the year 1781, by a prank of some English Captains, which is thus related by Mr. Irwin.

"These jolly sons of Neptune had been pushing about the can on board one of the ships in the harbour, until a strange freak entered into one of their brains. The eccentricity of the thought occasioned it immediately to be adopted, and its apparent impossibility was but a spur for the putting it into execution. The boat was ordered, and with proper implements for the attempt, these enterprizing heroes pushed ashore, to drink a bowl of punch on the top of Pompey's pillar! At the spot they arrived; and many contrivances were proposed to accomplish the desired point. But their labour was vain, and they began to despair of success, when the genius who struck out the frolic happily suggested the means of performing it. A man was dispatched to the city for a paper kite. The inhabitants were by this time apprised of what was going forward, and flocked in crowds to be witnesses of the address and boldness of the English. The governour of Alexandria was told that these seamen were about to pull down Pompey's pillar. But whether he gave them credit for their respect to the Roman warrior, or the Turkish government, he left them to themselves, and politely answered, that the English were too great patriots to injure the remains of Pompey. He knew little, however, of the disposition of the people who were engaged in this undertaking, for had the Turkish empire rose in opposition, it would not perhaps at that moment have deterred them. The kite was brought, and flown so directly over the pillar, that when it fell on the other side, the string lodged upon the capital. The chief obstacle was now overcome. A two-inch rope was tied to one end of the string, and drawn over the pillar by the end to which the kite was affixed. By this rope one of the seamen ascended to the top; and in less than an hour, a kind of shroud was constructed, by which the whole company went up, and drank their punch amidst the shouts of the astonished multitude. To the eye below, the capital of the pillar does not appear capable of holding more than one man upon it; but our seamen found it could contain no less than eight persons very conveniently. It is astonishing that no accident befel these madcaps, in a situation so elevated, that would have turned a landman giddy in his sober senses. The only detriment which the pillar received was the loss of the volute beforementioned; which came down with a thundering sound, and was carried to England by one of the captains, as a present to a lady who commissioned him for a piece of the pillar. The

discovery which they made amply compensated for this mischief; as without their evidence, the world would not have known at this hour, that there was originally a statue on this pillar, one foot and ankle of which are still remaining. The statue must have been of a gigantic size, to have appeared of a man's proportion at so great an height."

There are circumstances in this story which might give it an air of fiction, were it not demonstrated beyond all doubt. Besides the testimonies of many eye-witnesses, the adventurers themselves have left a token of the fact by the initials of their names, which are very legible in black paint, just beneath the capital.

Learned men and travellers have made many fruitless attempts to discover in honour of what prince this stately pillar was erected; for notwithstanding its common appellation, it could not have been raised to the memory of Pompey, as neither Strabo, nor Diodorus Siculus have spoken of it. Abulfeda, in his "Description of Egypt," calls it the *pillar of Severus*. And history informs us, that this emperour visited the city of Alexandria; that he granted a senate to its inhabitants, who until that time, under the subjection of a single Roman magistrate, had lived without any national council; and that he changed several laws in their favour.—This column, therefore, M. Savary concludes to have been erected by the inhabitants, as a mark of their gratitude to Severus. And in a Greek inscription, now half effaced, but visible on the west side when the sun shines upon it, he supposes the name of Severus to have been preserved. He further observes that this was not the only monument erected to that emperour, by the gratitude of the Alexandrians, for there is still in the midst of the ruins of Antinoe, a magnificent pillar, the inscription on which is still remaining, and proves that it was dedicated to Alexander Severus. It has however, been lately asserted that the abovementioned inscription on what is vulgarly called Pompey's pillar, has been decyphered; and proves that the column was erected in honour of Diocletian, by the then prefect of Egypt.

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### HISTORICAL ANEDOTES.

Pyrrhus, King of Epirus, warring against the Romans, Nicias his physician in ordinary, made an offer by letter to Fabricius the Roman General, that for a reward he would poison Pyrrhus; but Fabricius abhorring such a foul practice,

sent Nicia's letter to the King, and advised him to know his friends and his enemies better: Upon which the King hanged his physician, and in return for his admonition, sent Fabricius all the prisoners he had taken, without ransom; and that the Consul might not be behind with him in civility, he sent him an equal number of his subjects, which had been taken by the Romans.

PAPINIANUS a lawyer, and the honour of his profession, when the wicked Caracalla had defiled his hands with the innocent blood of his brother Geta, and commanded him by his eloquence to give that action a fair colour to the senate and populace; he positively refused it, saying, 'It was an easier matter to commit fratricide than to defend so barbarous an action;' and persevered in his denial, though he knew it would cost him the loss of his head, which that cruel prince cut off for disobeying him.

ALEXANDER making a libation to the heroes at Troy, poured oil upon the tomb of Achilles, and placed a crown of gold upon it, saying he was the happiest person in the world; 'for while he lived, Patroclus was his friend; and when dead, Homer perpetuated his memory.

IT is reported of the Emperour Antoninus, surnamed Pius, that he never did any thing that he had cause to repent of; that he was never refused what he asked, or disobeyed in what he demanded, and the reasons he gave for these things, were, 'that he made all his actions correspond with reason.'

LUCIUS METELLUS may properly lead the van in the list of the fortunate, for besides his being one of the Roman Quindecemviri, that had the custody of the Sibylline Oracles, General of the Roman cavalry, twice Consul and Chief Priest; he had in perfection all those ten qualifications that entitle a man to terrestrial happiness. He was a courageous general, a successful leader, arrived to the height of honour. Was a wise and prudent senator, a wealthy citizen, happy in a numerous issue, and in being at the head of affairs in the then most celebrated city of the universe.

ALEXANDER the Great had many accessions of happiness. Philip king of Macedon, that renowned warrior, was his father. Aristotle the celebrated philosopher was his tutor. He never fought but he won the field. Never sat down before a city which he did not take, and never invaded a country which he did not conquer.

# Poetical Department.

*MR. OPTIC,*

If the following meet the complacency of your *Eye*, dispose of it as you please. AMYNTOR.

## *ELEGIAC SONNET.*

*ADIEU to* **********, *on passing it by water to Philadelphia.*

DEAR village! where my eyes first oped to day;
Where youth with all its fond endearments grew;
Beneath the smile of one perennial May,
I bid you now a feeling, last ADIEU!

*Feeling*—because my bleeding mem'ry shows
Within thy bounds my parents'—brothers'—tomb,
And *last*—because no bliss this bosom knows,
When, desolate, I view my once-lov'd home.

'Tis thus, the soul, departing, leaves the clay,
When, conscious, rising to a happier sky!
The recollections of the past, pourtray
Blest scenes,—now ever gone!—and urge a sigh:

And thus, like her, by fate and option borne,
I go—yet with a sigh,—ah never to return! A.

*ORIGINAL.*

## OCCASIONAL LINES,

ADDRESSED TO CONSTANTIA, ON RECEIVING FROM HER A CHAIN OF PLATTED SILK FOR MY WATCH.

THE chain your slender fingers wove
(A silken chain, like that of love)
My little time-piece may secure
That marks his steps so slow and sure—
But couldst thou weave a chain to stay
The hoary tyrant on his way,
Mankind would worship at thy shrine,
And bless those pretty hands of thine.
Fancy awakes—my ready pen
Begins to trace the fairy scene—
First comes the fool whose early day
Pass'd in intemperance away:—

'Most pow'rful goddess deign to hear,
And grant thy humble suppl'ant's pray'r;
Intemp'rately my life has pass'd,
And I'm an aged wretch at last;
I find that I have been a fool,
But reason now begins to rule;
Yet who successful war can wage
With time, disease, and drooping age?
Then by the magic of thy chain,
The flying course of Time restrain,
That I may hope to find a cure,
And still some happiness secure.'
But from the wretch, I see you turn,
And man, so low, degraded, mourn.
Then comes the girl who's just eighteen,
And fears old Time may step between
Her and the long-wish'd nuptial day
Which fear describes as far away:—
'Illustrious nymph,' in haste she cries,
'O banish sorrow from my eyes;
O let not Time so briskly move,
Till Hymen crowns the wish of love.'
Then comes a wretched wight indeed,
And hopes by prayers to suceed:—
CONSTANTIA, can you make a guess?
I mean a batchelor, no less—
Great pow'r that rules the course of time,
O listen to my humble rhyme;
You see a wretched being here,
Already pass'd his thirtieth year,
And ah! he wants to get a wife,
To cheer the lonely hours of life;
But ah! I fear, if Time goes on,
So very fast as he has done,
Forever I'll remain unbless'd,
And sink unmarried into rest;
Then glorious power ah restrain
Time's course with thy imperial chain.—
—Ha! Fancy's gone—on rapid wing
She flew—and I no more can sing,
Than just to close this humble strain,
And thank you for my nice watch chain.

ANACHARSIS.